

## Chicago Musical Revue

### "I Know A Girl"

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Velma.  
Can you imagine?  
I mean , can you imagine?

Can you believe it?  
I mean , can you believe?  
I know a girl  
A girl who lands on top  
You could put her face into a pail of  
slop  
And she'd come up smelling like a rose  
How she does it, heaven knows.

Reporter.  
Hold on, she's comin' out now. well, doc, is she or isn't  
she?  
Velma.  
She is

Reporter.  
She is!!!

Velma.  
(sung.)  
I know a girl  
A girl with so much luck  
She could get run over by a ten-ton  
truck  
Then brush herself off and walk away  
How she does it, couldn't say

Billy. (spoken.) doc, would you swear to that staemen in  
court.  
Doctor. yes  
Billy. good. . . uh. . . button your fly

Velma. (sung.)  
Whilst I  
On the other hand  
Pur my face in a pail of slop  
And I would smell like a pail of slop

I  
On the other hand  
Get run over by a truck  
And I am deader than a duck

I know a girl  
Who tells so many lies  
Anything that's true  
Would truly cross her eyes  
But what that mouse is selling  
The whole world buys  
And nobody smells a rat.

Roxie. (spoken.) please, ladies and gentlemen of the  
Press-leave the two of us alone so we can rest.  
Velma (spoken.) the two of us?? (sung.)  
Can you imagine?  
I mean, can you imagine?

Reporter. (spoken.) could I have one last picture  
please?  
Roxie. oh sure anything for the press.

Velma (sung.)  
Do you believe it?  
I mean do you believe it?

Roxie.  
My dear little baby  
Velma (sung, mocking roxie)  
My dear little baby

Roxie.  
My sweet little baby

Velma.  
My sweet little . . . baby....

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